

1957 and she never remarried. Now Mrs. Brown lives with her son and daughter-in-law, Joanne McHugh Brown, in Upper Providence and she enjoys the company of two grandchildren—Kevin Brown and Karen (Brown) Ranieri and six great-grandchildren: Matthew, Daniel and Timothy Brown and Ryan, Tyler and Becca Ranieri. Mrs. Brown is blessed by many years, and all who spend time with her are blessed by her company. Her friends know her to be kind, generous and an inspiration to all.

I know all of Delaware County, Pennsylvania joins me in wishing Rebecca Brown a happy, happy 100th birthday.

#### HONORING THE WAWONA HOTEL

### HON. GEORGE RADANOVICH

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 17, 2004

Mr. RADANOVICH. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the Wawona Hotel on the occasion of their 125th anniversary. The Wawona Hotel in Yosemite National Park is acclaimed for its nostalgic charm, historic authenticity and picturesque setting.

In 1855, Galen Clark, a miner who worked in the area Gold Camps, passed through the Wawona Valley area with tourists bound for Yosemite. Entranced by the beauty of the place, Clark constructed lodging near the main trail into Yosemite Valley, making it inevitable that travelers would stop along the way. In 1878, a kitchen fire destroyed all of Clark's buildings and the entire establishment was rebuilt in 1879.

Today, The Wawona Hotel is operated by Delaware North Companies Parks & Resorts at Yosemite and remains one of the most respected mountain resorts. Its historic wooden buildings, verandas overlooking sprawling green lawns and Victorian interiors continue to provide visitors with a perfect setting for a relaxing vacation.

The Wawona Hotel is listed on the National Registry of Historic Places, and this year became a member of the National Trust Historic Hotels of America, a collection of hotels selected by the National Trust for Historic Preservation for historic integrity, architectural quality, outstanding preservation efforts, and stewardship.

Mr. Speaker, I rise to pay tribute to the Wawona Hotel on the occasion of their 125th anniversary celebration. I urge my colleagues to join me in honoring the Wawona Hotel and wishing DNC Parks & Resorts at Yosemite many more years of continued success.

DR. DOROTHY LAVINIA BROWN

### HON. JIM COOPER

OF TENNESSEE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 17, 2004

Mr. COOPER. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to the remarkable life of Dr. Dorothy Lavinia Brown, of Nashville, Tennessee. A pioneering force in both medicine and politics, Dr. Brown rose from humble beginnings to become one of our nation's most inspiring figures. Our country lost a great leader when Dr.

Brown passed away on Sunday, June 13, at the age of 90.

Dr. Brown led a life of setting "firsts" and was not only the first African-American woman surgeon in the South but the first African-American woman to serve in the Tennessee State legislature. She was also the first woman to head a surgical unit of a major hospital, and the first African-American woman to be made a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons.

Her courage, perseverance and vision are what made her so admirable. Soon after her birth, her mother placed her in an orphanage, where she lived until her mother reclaimed her at the age of 13. By then, she was already determined to become a surgeon, and she pursued that dream despite the difficult circumstances in which she was raised. She was abused by her mother, and at age 14 was pulled out of school to work as a domestic.

Describing her perseverance, Dr. Brown said, "I tried to be not hard, but durable." And indeed she did not give up. She eventually won a 4-year scholarship to Bennett College in Greensboro, North Carolina, from which she graduated in 1941, ranked second in her class. Thereafter, she enrolled at Meharry Medical College, where she also served a 5-year residency in surgery and overcame the doubts of those who said that a woman could not withstand the rigors of surgery. She went on to pursue a brilliant career, and from 1957 to 1983, Dr. Brown served as chief of surgery at Nashville's Riverside Hospital, clinical professor of surgery at Meharry and educational director for the Riverside-Meharry Clinical Rotation Program.

Dr. Brown was not only a brilliant surgeon but a compassionate one. When a young unmarried patient implored Dr. Brown to adopt her newborn daughter, she agreed. And in 1956, Dr. Brown became the first single adoptive parent in Tennessee.

Dr. Dorothy Brown stands as a remarkable visionary and role model, not only for women in medicine, but for all Americans. Her relentless perseverance and indomitable spirit opened doors for her and others to follow. She once said that she wanted to be remembered "not because I have done so much, but to say to young people that it can be done."

On behalf of the fifth district of Tennessee as well as my colleagues in Congress, I send my deepest condolences to Dr. Brown's family and loved ones.

#### REMEMBERING SGT SHERWOOD BAKER

### HON. JOSEPH M. HOFFEL

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 17, 2004

Mr. HOFFEL. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to remember Sgt. Sherwood Baker, a member of the Pennsylvania National Guard who was killed in Iraq on April 26, 2004. I would like to share with the American people the words of Dante Zappala, Sgt. Baker's younger brother, who spoke at a peace rally in Los Angeles on June 5:

The tragedy that touches so many people in so many corners of the world; the tragedy of war, the tragedy of violent and sudden death, touched me on April 26th when my

brother, Sergeant Sherwood Baker was killed in an explosion in Baghdad. I speak today with my voice, and with the voice of the countless others who have suffered personal loss as a result of this war, those many people with no microphone in front of them, those many people with no one to listen to their pain. As big brothers do, Sherwood protected me, he carried me and he taught me.

With his heart and with his decisions, he taught me about commitment and about determination. When I would get bitter about the injustice brought to this world by the causes of the United States, he taught me that you can love this country and yet not love what people do in its name. He showed me that we can heal, we can learn and we can grow. He taught me, in the end, to be a patriot.

With his silent exit into the desert night, he showed me the difference between empty language and quiet understanding, the difference between baseless political grandstanding and true patriotism. Sherwood had a great intellect and a life commitment to forge responsibility in an irresponsible world. He was a foster kid who knew he could have had a much different life. And it made him strong. As hardships inevitably found him.

Sherwood never had the time or the desire to be angry about his circumstances. Not when he was a young father working three jobs, living in a housing project, trying to make a better life than he had known, and not when the call came to serve in Iraq. And when that call came, he took the most simple path—he went.

He went with the hope of doing the impossible—make something positive happen in the grips of war. To no surprise, he lifted his head and went to work.

Like most of us, he didn't like his boss but it became immaterial when it was time to do his job. He spent his life trying to be kind to people and he saw people in Iraq, and he thought that he could be kind to them. He left behind a son, a wife and a family that adored him for his beliefs.

I feel pride, a pride knowing that my brother had honor even though the person who sent my brother marching to Iraq has no honor. George Bush is wholly un-American because he pimps the one value my brother held so true—devotion. He has sold out the core of America, the people who are this country—the truck drivers, field workers, the day laborers, the dishwashers, the waitresses, the teachers, the country workers, the mechanics, the janitors, the street pavers, the house painters and the housewives, and yes, the soldiers.

All of us had hoped to live simple lives with our simple aspirations. George Bush has sold our futures to pay for his power lust, his greed, and his selfish world plans. He sold away my brother's future to pay for the privilege and favor of his friends. We, the people of this country, all of us, are not his friends. We are not in his circle of favor. We do not benefit from the deaths of our soldiers nor do we benefit from the deaths of the Iraqi people. To honor Sherwood, I have vowed to follow his path—to lift my head and go to work. Our duty is to spread truth, our duty is to combat the lies, the misrepresentations, the fear, the mongering and the people who mean to ruin our belief in this country. I have made a promise to my brother, and that is to do as he would do—to not be angry about my circumstances, to not let bitterness overcome my heart, but to proceed with hope. Today, and in the days ahead, do not let your anger carry you, allow your desire to make change carry you. Allow the compassion towards humanity to carry you. Ride your commitment to peace. Share your soul with your country, share your values with the world. Make it your job.